

MISUNDERSTOOD SITUATION.



Shortsighted Parson (to badly bunkered golfer who has lost his temper)—Hush! my good man, hush! I know that stone breaking is a trying and arduous occupation, but surely it doesn't justify you in using that dreadful language!

RETURN OF THE BUGLE.

Once upon a time the very sound of the word bugle, as applied to matters of dress, was looked upon as the personification of all that was dowsy and impossible. Even the mere man who wrote novels always represented the most down-trodden of caretakers or tenth-rate lodging-house keepers as wearing black bonnets with bugle trimming, or shabby silk muffs upon which a few bugles still survived to tell the tale of departed greatness.

And now, by a strange turn of fashion's wheel, bugles have actually come back to favor, and we find them in clear crystal, in silver and gold and in various colors, summing themselves in the smiles of the most important couturieres, and preparing even to play a prominent part on the evening frocks of the immediate future and the court gowns of the coming season.

ILLUSTRIOUS SHOEMAKERS.

Germany's now famous captain of Kopenick comes of a calling which has given the world some very great men. One authority asserts that the majority of cobblers have exceptional brains—that their attitude when stooping over their work tends to a cranial development in the part where the intellectual faculties are seated. Some one has written a book on illustrious shoemakers. In it are Sir Cloudesley Shovel; Gifford the Terrible; Bloomfield, author of the well-known "Farmer's Boy"; Carey, the orientalist; Admiral Myngs; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; John Kitto, the Biblical scholar; Sturgeon, the electrician. The list of illustrious shoemakers runs into scores.

ILL-AMENDED CALENDAR.

To the modern world a "calendar" is merely a harmless necessary reminder of weeks and days, to be hung up on New Year's day, and consulted in dating letters throughout the year. It has no such mournful sound as "calendarium" had for the ancient Romans. The original "calendar" of their times was the money lender's account book, so called because interest was due from the debtor on the calends, or first day of each month. Seneca speaks of "calendar" as a word invented outside the course of nature on account of human greed.

WOULDN'T IT!

Sonful Woman (to escort)—Those men over there are all brilliant writers. Wouldn't it be a treat just to hear their conversation?

One of the Brilliant Writers—Gus, do you remember those sausages we had in Berlin? Talk about cook in this country!—Puck.

THE RETORT BITTER.

"Why, how d'ye do?" said the barber to his old-time customer. "Howdy," snapped the latter. "You're a stranger. I haven't seen your face for a long time." "That's odd. I left most of it on your razor the last time I was at your shop."

A SWINISH ERROR.

"In my scrapbook," said Clyde Fitch, the famous playwright, "I have many examples of typographical errors."

"Of all these errors, I like best one wherein a tea given by a society woman in '97 was called 'a swill affair.'"

A MAID AND A METHOD.

By TROY ALLISON.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

He finally managed to get his cigar to working satisfactorily, and stretched himself comfortably on the grass.

She leaned back against the tree trunk and watched a squirrel busy on a neighboring branch.

Harrington noticed that she seemed to have entirely forgotten his presence, unless there was merely a comfortable consciousness of the fact that he was there if she needed him—the knowledge that she had nothing to fear from a chance tramp or the overfed snake possibility.

It was rather an unusual thing for a woman to be forgetful of Harrington—he could not decide whether the situation interested him or piqued his masculine vanity.

"When you have satisfactorily examined the trees, the squirrel, the water falling over those stones, and have formed your opinion concerning the entrancing horizon," he said in a slightly injured tone, "wouldn't you like to talk to me some?"

She took off her hat and laid it on the grass beside her with a sigh of satisfaction.

"None of these things are more interesting to me, Diogones, than the study of you, measure you," her lips curled with a teasing smile, and there was a touch of fun in her eyes.

"Sometimes I almost conclude that I positively dislike you," he said, amiably, taking long puffs at his cigar. "I never cared much for women—but in this case there is a stronger element, I believe it almost approaches being dislike."

She wriggled her blonde head into a more comfortable pose against the tree trunk and beamed upon him as if he had said something truly gratifying.

"It's an achievement Diogones to have inspired you with a strong feeling of any description—I'm proud of myself."

"You have such a confounded way of pouncing upon a fellow's thoughts and fending them up to ridicule—you can analyze a man as easily as a chemist can analyze a patent medicine. Didn't you know, Miss Burton, that women ought to make themselves—er—attractive—it's uncanny for them to go in for psychology, analysis—er—vivisection."

"Attractive? O Diogones—you are awfully lacking in manners—I was taking solid comfort and content in the belief that the powers that be had made me—attractive—and was amusing myself with your so-called vivisection—merely as a side issue. I see, my dear philosopher, that you are not fitted for the gentle ways of polite society—if it didn't sound slangy, I'd say: 'Back to your tub.' It was a tub that Diogones enjoyed so thoroughly, wasn't it?"

He was, by degrees, working himself into an exceedingly bad temper. "Miss Burton, did you know that blonde women had always enjoyed the reputation of being fools—more or less?" he asked, smugly.

"All of which leads to—" she interrupted with elaborate innocence. "The fact that it's time you decided whether you are going to marry that idiot Darrell or me, we've both been dangling around you the whole summer."

"Your climaxes are strong," she smiled, smugly, "that idiot Darrell or—you—Don't you recognize a certain similarity to Pope in the way you construct your sentences?"

"It's impossible to make a climax after Darrell," he snorted, "it would be an impossibility to find a bigger idiot to name after him."

"Everything, my dear man, depends upon—the point of view," she pinned on her hat, and turned towards the path leading to the hotel.

That afternoon Harrington lay, half asleep, his magazine over his face, in the shade of the bushes that grew back of the summerhouse.

"Virginia—you are acting shamefully," he heard Darrell's voice.

So he called her Virginia, did he? And she allowed it!

Virginia evidently enjoyed the idea of acting shamefully—for he heard a little ripple of merriment.

"But you know, Jack, he really does need some of the conceit taken out of him—women have spoiled him so."

"I think you have tormented him

nough," Darrell insisted, "and you have carried on with me outrageously. I feel party to a fraud. You can't keep it up much longer, for when Eleanor comes next week he will soon find out that I've been engaged to your sister all along. Why not put him out of his misery? You know you like him."

"Of course I do—and I'm going to marry him—but he needs a little training first."

Darrell rose and started towards the house. "I'm going to finish my letter to Eleanor," he said. "I'll leave you here to finish your book. Shall I tell Eleanor that we'll make it a double wedding in November?"

Virginia evidently took time to meditate.

"I think he'll make an awfully handsome bridegroom," she said, softly.

Darrell laughed delightedly. "First time I ever saw you with a



Caught the Startled Girl in His Arms.

real attack, Virginia. I don't see, to save my soul, how he's failed to find out that you care. But as for handsome bridegrooms—I'll have you remember that I'll be there, myself," and he walked down the path whistling.

Harrington sat up, let his magazine fall unnoticed to the ground, and brushed his coat carefully.

His gray eyes were twinkling, as he crept quietly into the summer house.

He caught the startled girl in his arms. "A man has a perfect right to kiss the girl he's going to marry in November—I'm so glad you acknowledge that I'll look picturesque at the wedding."

Virginia's face tried to adjust itself to an indignant expression. "You wretch! You heard what I said!" she gasped.

Harrington held her fast and lifted her face until her eyes looked into his.

"Just so—exactly so—and nothing has ever added so much to my conceit, Virginia mine."

MOTHER BIRD IMPRISONED.

A remarkable mode of incarceration is practiced by the hornbills, birds with immense bills and horny crests, which inhabit southern Asia, the Malayan islands and central and southern Africa. In most, if not all, species the brooding female is walled up in a hollow tree and fed by her mate. She remains confined in her prison until the eggs are hatched, and in some species until the young birds are able to fly. Meanwhile the mother has become temporarily incapable of flight, as she has moulted—or, at least, shed all her wing feathers—during her captivity. But the male is indefatigable in providing for his family, and is said to work so hard that he is reduced almost to a skeleton at the end of the brooding season.

TRIBUTE TO CHEF.

The late John Price Wetherill of Philadelphia had the reputation of giving the best dinners and serving the best wines of any Pennsylvanian.

Mr. Wetherill had a certain odd, quaint humor. At a dinner that he gave last year the fish course was unusually good. He praised his chef ardently, concluding: "But he is best of all with fish. Why, he prepares fish so exquisitely that from the frying pan they gave him admiration and grateful looks."

MOTHER A POWERFUL ALLY.

"And how can you be sure of going to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"I guess," said little Tommy Wise, "the best way would be to get pa to say we couldn't; then ma will take us there or bust. That's how we got to Lantic City last summer."

MARRYING MY PA OFF.

By MEACER VERNON.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

They say I'll be in love some day. But I don't know. Pa was in love once—but he's married now. And they say "It's a wise son that knows his own father." I thought I was "wise" until cupid's darts began to worry pa; then he didn't seem like the same man.

But it wasn't pa's fault he got married. Pa's awful handsome. Any man that's handsome and a widower and has plenty of money has a pretty hard time to keep from getting married. All the unmarried women in town are after him. At least, they were all after pa.

And, then, he tried to blame it on me—he said I needed a home and someone to look after me, and all that sort of rot. Of course that meant he'd have to get married. I caught on in a minute. I knew who he had his eye on. She's been awfully good to me lately.

I suppose pa thought I was easy. But I just fooled him. I told him I guessed we could get along all right the way we were.

"But, my boy," said he. "If you had a home you could have a dog." I told him I didn't care much for dogs any more.

"Well, then, you could have a pony."

"Nope," says I. "I don't like ponies, either. But say, pop, how about an automobile?"

"I'll tell you, my boy, if you'll be real sensible, and try to do things to please me, I'll get you an automobile."

I knew what that meant—but, then, I'd do anything for an automobile.

"All right, pop," says I. "I think it would be bully to keep house. And then you'd have someone to look after you when you get sick."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, my boy," said he.

"Give me a nickel, pa?"

I knew I had him over a barrel, and he knew it too, so he ponied up without even asking me what I wanted it for.

Pa and I lived in a hotel—and his "girl" lived in a flat across the street. He and I always took a walk after dinner. But when he got ready that evening I told him I was tired and that he'd better get Miss Jane—that was his "girl"—and take her out for a walk. He patted me on the shoulder and said he was sorry I didn't feel like going, and that's the last I saw of him that evening.

But after that he began going to Miss Jane's every evening. I got tired of staying alone so I began going with him. I guess this wasn't very satisfactory to him—but I liked it pretty well. One evening he gave me a quarter—(bet he thought it was a nickel)—and told me I'd better go over to the hotel.

Pa always said I had a good head for business, so after that I made him this proposition: I'd go back to the hotel.

At nine o'clock for 25 cents; At ten o'clock for 15 cents; At 11 o'clock for ten cents.

I made 25 cents pretty nearly every night that way.

Then one night they went out walking and left me at Miss Jane's. I guess they had a falling out, because they hadn't been gone long before they came back. Pa opened the door and let Miss Jane in and then went away. This sort of surprised Miss Jane—she thought he was coming in. She began to bawl. I told her it would be all right some day. She said she just knew pa'd never come back. I supposed all girls liked something romantic so I told Miss Jane that maybe pa'd go jump in the bay like another disappointed lover had done that summer. But that didn't seem to cheer her up very much, because she bawled some more.

Then came the most disgusting part of all. Pa came back! I never thought pa'd be such a weak-kneed sister as that. You bet your boots I won't be the first one to make up when I get mad at my girl. I'll just stay mad, and tell her that there's lots of other girls, and then she'll run after me and beg me not to go away, and then I'll tell her I'll think it over, and after while I'll tell her I'll give her another

chance. That's what pa should have done.

But anyway, he didn't—and, to make matters worse, he said he had come after me—me—me—that had been able to go home alone every night for the last month. That made me sick. So I just told him to come along and grabbed up my hat and started for the door. But he didn't seem to want to come, so I went back and sat down. But you bet your boots he didn't get a chance to make up with Miss Jane. She sat off in a corner reading a paper, and I kept talking and talking to pa, and I made him read three of Tennyson's poems and lots of other stuff, and pretty soon he grabbed up his hat and told me we were going over to the hotel. After I got into bed pa said he'd forgotten something over at Miss Jane's, so he went back after it. It took him an hour to find it, whatever it was.

The next day he began talking again about the home question. He asked me who I'd like for a step-mother. Of course he thought I would say Miss Jane first thing—but I just thought I'd have a little fun with him.

"I think Miss Maud would be nice," said I. Miss Maud was one of his lady friends. "How would you like her, pa?"

"Oh, fairly well," said he. "But can't you think of someone else?"

"Well—how about Miss Harriette—and she's rich, too."

"Money isn't everything, my son."

"I can't just think of anyone else I'd like," said I.

Poor pa didn't say anything more about it that evening. But one day he said: "Miss Jane thinks a lot of you, my boy."

"Does she?" said I.

"Yes; she says you're the nicest little fellow she knows."

"Where do you come in at, pa?"

"Oh—a—that—that's different."

"Well," said I; I thought I'd say something to please pa for once—"I like her, too."

My—you should have seen the change that came over pa. He got



He Asked Me Who I'd Like for a Step-Mother.

all excited and talked and talked, and said there'd be two circuses in town pretty soon and I could go to both of them. Then he wound up by asking me how I'd like Miss Jane for a step-mother.

"I think she's fine," says I. "But do you think she'd have you?"

"Oh, of course," said pa.

"Have you popped the question, pop?"

"N-no, my son."

"Well, you'd better get busy."

Pa left me in a hurry. The last I saw of him he was flying across the street toward Miss Jane's. He didn't show up for dinner that evening, so about seven I went over to Miss Jane's. I didn't knock before going in and I guess I sort of surprised them. I heard Miss Jane scream, and then there was a terrible scramble. Miss Jane reached for a chair and got hold of the wrong arm and sat on the floor in a heap.

When I came into the room Miss Jane was as red as a beet. They both looked awful happy and pa was all perspiring. I knew what was up, so I went over and took one of Miss Jane's hands and one of pa's in mine and said: "Blessings upon you, my children." Pa gave me 50 cents, and I thought it would be sort of mean to hang around so I started to whistle "I Got Mine," and left them to face their future.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.

"Are those mining stock certificates safe investments?"

"In a sense. They are the sort you lock up in a safe, and then hope for the best."

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We give them the formula for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Sold for over 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a remedy that should be in every house. I have used a great deal of it for hard coughs and colds, and I know what a splendid medicine it is. I cannot recommend it too highly."—MARK H. COOPER, Hyde Park, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sole agents for
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
HAIR YOGUR.

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

CATRON & TAUBMAN

Astract and Agency Company

Aostracts, Real Estate and Loans

Rooms 3 and 6 Haerle Building

Dr. J. W. Meng

Surgeon Dentist

Office in the Meng Building

Lexington, Missouri.

Farm Insurance

On Cash, Note, or Installment, Plan 3 and 5 years without interest

F. R. HOWE

Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan & Rentals

Dr. T. B. Ramsey

Surgeon Dentist

Lexington, Missouri

J. L. PEAK

Surgeon Dentist

LEXINGTON MISSOURI

Drs. Ryland & Roberts

Physicians and Surgeons

Rooms 11 and 12 Haerle Building Lexington, Mo.

HENRY C. WALLACE,

Attorney-At-Law,

Lexington Missouri

Will practice in all courts of the state

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

When Your Joints Are Stiff

And muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you "tip and sprain" your joint, strain your side or bruise your self, Perry Dr. Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely.

Painkiller